

YALE-HARVARD
SEVENS MEET HERESULLIVAN AND SHARKEY
ROUGHED WAY TO FRONT
IN THE FIGHTING GAME

John L. Surprised Mike Donovan in Exhibition Bout and Nearly Put Him Out—Jeff's Great Strength Helped Him Tame the Sailor.

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

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R. Edgren's
COLUMN

QUEER tales come out whenever oldtime fight followers gather for a fanning bee. A few days ago, riding downtown with a veteran sporting man, we began comparing John L. Sullivan with modern heavyweights.

"Don't you forget it," said my friend, "Sullivan was a fighter, and he would have been just as good among these fellows as he was in the old days. He travelled all around and he won his fights with clean knockouts, didn't he? That shows class. Men may not have known as much in his time, but they were just as tough."

"I remember the first time I ever saw Sullivan. He was playing ball a little and hanging around the sporting crowd in Boston, and they called him the Boston Strong Boy. Sullivan had some local reputation as a scrapper."

"Mike Donovan was one of the best men in the country then. Mike came to Boston when he was matched to fight for the championship. He was giving shows and meeting all comers while training. Sullivan was picked out to box him three rounds."

"When they got into the ring Donovan slapped Sullivan on the shoulder and said patronizingly, 'Well, young fellow, I'll let you off easy.'"

"You'll be lucky if I don't break your neck," growled Sullivan.

"Donovan started cleverly outboxing the Boston Strong Boy. Sullivan was wild. After a little Donovan ducked into a clinch. Sullivan lifted his right arm and brought it down flat, like a club, across Donovan's back. The blow knocked Mike flat on his nose and came near putting him out."

"That blow with the wrist and forearm was one of Sullivan's favorites. He used it many a time in his big fights, especially under London prize ring rules. It can hardly be considered a fair blow in a boxing bout with gloves."

TALKING about rough fighters I wonder if Sullivan had anything on Tom Sharkey when the sailor first landed in California? One of Tom's early fights was with Joe Chynoweth, who was then about at his best. Joe was a slightly built fellow, but a terrific hitter. In this first fight he knocked Sharkey clear through the ropes and out of the ring, twice. Each time Sharkey struck the floor on his head and, bounding to his feet, ran around the ring to find a good place to climb up again, and came right back without waiting for a count. The second time Joe thought Tom was out for good, and had turned and was walking toward his corner when he heard the sailor rushing after him. Sharkey was the original home head. No blow on the chin could hurt him at all. The only vulnerable spot in his makeup was the pit of the stomach, and Fitzsimmons was the only man who could hit hard enough to worry Tom there.

BOB FITZSIMMONS was fighting George Gardner in San Francisco. He was after Fitzsimmons had made his great second fight with Jeffries, smashing his hands. The hands were pained up but Bob's bones were no longer tough enough to stand the impact of the blows he could deliver. In the fourth round Fitzsimmons, who had been playing with Gardner, suddenly swung a terrific right-hander. Gardner ducked a couple of inches, and the punch landed on the side of his head, just above the ear. It knocked him flat. At the same moment there was a loud snapping sound like the pop of a pistol. Fitzsimmons's hand had broken. The first two fingers were splintered and the knuckles driven back over an inch. Gardner got up and Fitzsimmons, grinning, showed and knocked him down again with the left. Gardner barely lasted the round.

In his corner Gardner's seconds, in great excitement, told him that Fitzsimmons had broken his right hand. Gardner craned his neck to get a good look at Fitz. And there was the freckled champion sitting in his corner with a cheerful grin, twirling his thumbs. Gardner didn't believe that his hand was broken. In the succeeding rounds he never dared to go in and mix it, and Fitzsimmons won on points. Fitz said he later had twined his thumbs, with two adjacent fingers cracked up into small splinters, isn't exactly amusing. It took nerve—and it won the fight.

Johnson and Elliott Will Be in Hilltop Line-Up

Hilltop Manager in Town and Unfolds His Plans for the Coming Season.

HILLTOP, N. Y., Feb. 18.—The manager of the Hilltop team, who has just arrived in town and will be a busy man from now until the time that the squad starts for the Sunny South.

Upon his arrival Chase had the stadium tidings that he had seen Russell Ford, the star pitcher of the team, in Minneapolis, and that the latter had agreed to the terms offered and would send in his signed contract right away.

"I think we will have a good line-up to begin the season with," says Chase. "I will cover first, Knight will be at second, Elliott at third and Johnson at short. The last two named players may prove to be big disappointments, but I hardly think they will be."

If Johnson and Elliott fail to make good, I am still full back on Russell Ford, Litchell, Isartell and Gardner and, if necessary, ask 'Birdie' Cree to see whether he cannot play an infield position just as well as he does one of the places in the outer works.

While I was out on the Coast I signed two players from Mount St. Mary's College, an institution of learning I once attended. These men are Wilkinson, an outfielder, and Cann, a pitcher. They will join the Hilltopers on April 23. Cann is a left-handed pitcher. Joe Hamilton, who also is a Coast favorite and who is one of the players on the New York American League club's reserve list, will hardly be with us this year. He wants to have

another season's experience in the minor leagues before trying for a berth with us, and his request to be sent to a Class A League will be granted.

Chase has picked the men who are to go to Hot Springs, Va., on Feb. 27. Besides himself, there will be on the detachment of Highland talent Ed Sweeney, Walter Blair, Russell Ford, Jack Quinn, Jack Warhop, Jim Vaughn, Ray Fisher, Roy Caldwell, Earl Gardner, Jack Knight, Roy Hartwell, Wilbur Roach, Otis Johnson, Eugene Elliott, Bert Daniels, 'Birdie' Cree, Charlie Hemphill and Harry Wolter. These players will stay at the Virginia health resort until March 15, when they are to march on to Athens, Ga. The players who are to report in Athens on March 15 are Litchell, Bailey, Williams, June, Moirner, Kautz, Aides, Huronick, Russell, Revell and Walter. The juveniles will be coached by 'Duke' Farrell and Arthur Irwin until Chase arrives in Athens. From March 15 to March 23, the team will play each day, weather permitting, between the Yankees and the Red Sox.

BILLY NIXON STOPS MARTIN AT QUEENSBORO A. C. STAG.

Billy Nixon, the sturdy lightweight of Cambridge, Mass., made short work of Jack Martin, the Brooklyn fighter, in their bout at the Queensboro A. C. stag, knocking him out in the first round with a terrific right hand swing flush on the jaw.

The men had been fighting about two minutes when Nixon sent in a light left-hand jab to the face, and as quick as a flash whipped over his right to Martin's jaw, dropping him to the floor, where he lay unconscious until the referee had counted him out. It was several minutes before Martin could be revived.

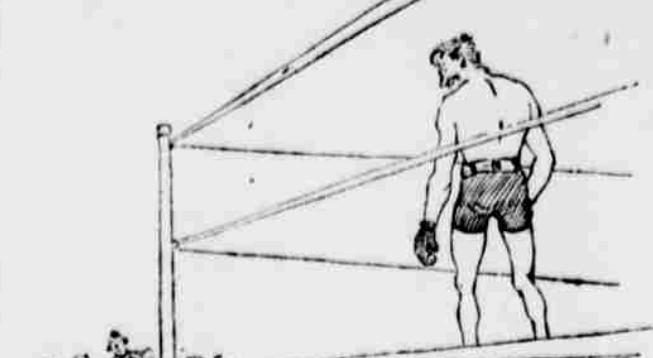
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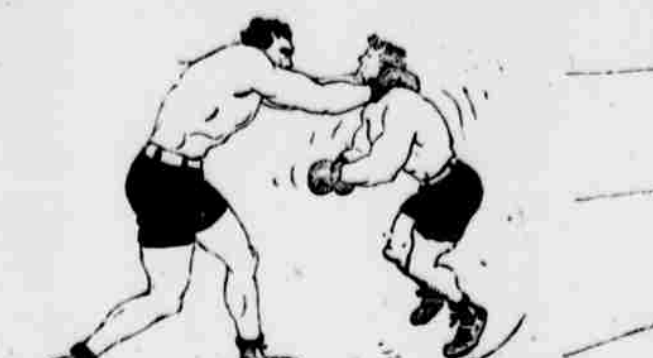
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MORE QUEER THINGS THAT HAPPENED IN THE RING.

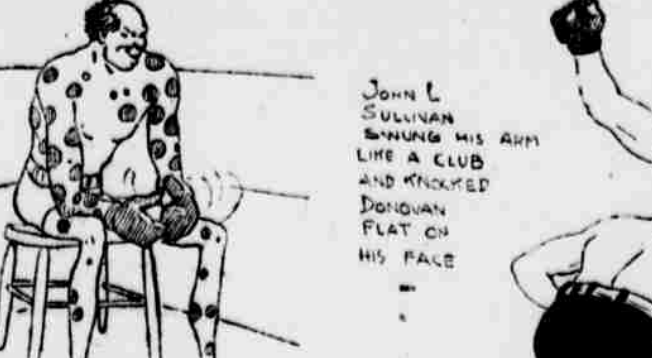
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JOE CHYNOWETH KNOCKED TOM SHARKEY CLEAR OUT OF THE RING—TWICE—BUT TOM CAME BACK.



THE FIRST MAN SHARKEY EVER SHOWED RESPECT FOR WAS JEFFRIES. WHEN JIM GAVE HIM A SHATING.



WHEN FITZSIMMONS SMASHED HIS HAND ON GARDNER, HE SAT IN HIS CORNER AND TWIRLED HIS FEET. THUMBS GARDNER WAS FOLLO.



ONE OF ABE ATTELL'S EARLY RIVALS WAS KNOCKED OUT OF THE RING. INSTEAD OF COMING BACK HE BEAT IT FOR THE DRESSING ROOM, WITH ABE TRYING TO CATCH HIM TO FINISH THE JOB.



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COSTLY BUNCH OF
GIANT PITCHERS NOW
HEADED FOR MARLIN

Raymond Drinking Buttermilk Among Surprises Before Men Leave St. Louis.

BY ROZEMAN BULGER.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 18.—A consignment of ten thousand dollars' worth of pitching muscle, the property of the New York Giants, was bundled into a special car here this morning and sent whirling toward Texas, where it is to be auctioned and sufficiently polished to give New York another pennant.

The \$10,000 is perhaps a little conservative at that, as the young pitchers who left here have already cost the owners of the Giants a little over \$12,000.

In the private sleeper which was tagged for Marlin were Wilbert Robinson, the veteran catcher; Arlie Latham, the outdoor comedian; Pitchers Hendricks, Raymond, Tessreau, Nagle, Rustenhaven and Jenkins; Catcher Hartley, and young McKnight, an all-round player recommended to McDrew by Johnny Kling, the famous backstop of the Cubs.

To chronicle the doings of these brave athletes there was a special consignment of New York scribbles.

The cargo will go directly to Dallas, Tex., where there will be a four hours' wait to give the Eastern athletes an opportunity to steel themselves for the tortuous ride of one hundred miles from there to Marlin, the home of hot water and ladder fights.

Several of the younger stars are already being framed for the annual pillow fight of the badmen, which is looked upon in Marlin as the one big event of spring training. None of these young pitchers has ever been in Texas, and when they go over that road from Dallas to Marlin they will learn more about sharp curves, quick breaks and sudden jumps than they ever imagined in their minor league experience. That railroad can show them everything but speed.

Raymond Enjoying Buttermilk.

The New York party which arrived in St. Louis last night was treated to one of the most startling and unexpected spectacles that has been witnessed since the famous trade of three years ago, when "Big Boy" Raymond came to New York as a pitcher.

Mr. Raymond was seated at a soda fountain in the "Planters" Hotel, sipping a glass of buttermilk and apparently enjoying it.

"Hello, Boss!" we all began, rather officiously.

"Nix on that 'Boss' stuff!" replied Mr. Raymond. "I'm not the fellow who goes over to poster you fellows for a quarter last season. On the level, I wish you would all call me Arthur in the papers. I have at last got some sense, and I am going to use it to help McDrew win the pennant. I haven't taken a drink in seven weeks, and if I feel as I do now I will never take another as long as I live."

"And say," said Raymond, setting back to his old time of talk, "you ought to see how popular I am at home. The wife thinks I am a great fellow, and I am going to keep her thinking that way. I don't know what they put in that stuff I took, but, honestly, the smell of liquor will make me run a block."

As a specimen of physical manhood Raymond is a revelation. He puffed out cheeks have gone and he is less than thirty-four at the waist line. He walks with his head erect and his eyes are clear and bright. Robinson and Latham stood and looked at him for five minutes in utter amazement, and then walked away shaking their heads.

"It's a wonder that that's all there is to it," said Robinson. "If he keeps this up there is nothing to it but a pennant for New York."

Jenkins Attacks Attention.

One of the younger players who attracted much attention was Jenkins,

Latest Amateur Boxing
Sensation Has Never
Seen Professional Fight

Frank Hufnagle, Metropolitan 125-Pound Champion, in Love With Game.

FRANK HUFNAGLE, champion 125-pound amateur boxer of the metropolitan district—where, oh, where does he reside?—was anxiously asked the cop who stood directing traffic somewhere along Broadway, East New York, but even he was unable to direct. Down, Flatbush avenue, was young Mr. Hufnagle lived, so there was nothing left but to seek out the record book of the Irish-American boxing tournament along that shabby highway. Wading through mud and water (most ankle-deep, the writer arrived at the residence of the great amateur boxer.

"I don't believe Frank is in, but I'll see," said his mother, who answered the knock on the tenement door.

"Frank has been a wonder since he won the 'championship,' and he's visiting with the fellows who keep the 'old store.' They're friends with him, and there's hardly any time but what he's there looking at the pigeons," said Mrs. Hufnagle as she showed back innumerable Hufnagles from the slightly open door.

"He's a good boy—my Frankie. He brings his wages home to me every Saturday night. He's fine and the family, and I don't see no harm in him boxing with the boys. Some day, perhaps, he'll be a champion. If he is, then he'll bring in more cash than that Knockabout Brown, believe me."

But to go back a way: When the writer was wandering along through the wet snow he was recalling a time when he looked up Jimmy Britt. Jimmy lived in as remote a part of Flatbush as could be imagined, and it seemed funny to be looking for a coming champion so far from the main artery of the town. Hufnagle, he with the great wallop in local amateur boxing circles, apparently lived as obscurely as did Britt in his early days as a fighter. And, strange to say, our local boxer has many of the mannerisms ascribed by Britt. He is about the same size, looks and talks like Jimmy.

His First Fight Last September.

Last September I was sixteen years of age. Then I fought in a regular ring for the first time in my life," said Hufnagle. "It was in the amateur championship, and I won the '115' title."

"I'd been chasing around one of the parks with a gang—we were always fighting between ourselves, and I'd learned to handle myself some. It was not so bad; we weren't tough, but just full of young animal spirit. Every kid took care of himself, and I was always on the job when it became necessary to defend myself."

George Obermeyer, the runner who competes for the National A. C. saw now running around the park one evening. He came up and asked me to come over to the club and learn how to run.

"Well, I wandered into the clubhouse one night and did some exercise. When I got tired of the work, I took a look around. There were several sets of gloves hanging on the wall, and Henry Lotz, the boxing instructor, asked me if I'd like to try them. I said, 'Yes, you'd do,' and from that time on I have been boxing at every opportunity. I work three nights a week in the club's gymnasium."

"The other night I took my father up to see me box at the Irish-American Club. It was the first time that he had ever seen gloves on my hands. He and my mother are both Germans, and he could hardly realize that he had a 'champion boxer-fighter' in his family."

"In love with the game," said Hufnagle, "but it is not my intention to take up the professional end until some time in the distant future. I have not missed a day's work at my trade—I'm a press boy at the 'Irish' machine, stamping out hinges and door plates, developed me to a great extent, and I'll never give up the trade until I find that I am suited for the professional boxing game."

Not Afraid of a Wallop.

"Don't believe for a minute that a young fellow who has been brought up to take care of himself is afraid of a wallop," said Frank. "Why, when I fought Harry Alexander in the first bout the other night he floored me within the first few seconds. I didn't mind it much, only everything was upside down. I looked at my second, and he was standing on his head. My feet were where my head should have been—only it wasn't. Anyhow, when I managed to get my feet under again I had but one idea in my head, and that was to put Mr. Alexander down just for the fun of the thing."

continued down, Hufnagle.

"I've never seen a 'pro' fight in my life, but I imagine that I'd be able to take care of myself in a little while with any one of my own weight."

GIANT SQUAD IS
NEARING MARLINBERT KEYES BADLY
BEATEN IN BATTLE
AGAINST PAL MOORE

Philadelphian Had Better of Every Round of the Ten at National Club.

WHILE Bert Keyes, the game lightweight, has been handed some bad beatings in bouts since he became a prominent fighter, it is doubtful if he ever before got such a lacing in a contest as he received from Pal Moore of Philadelphia in the wind-up at the National Sporting Club stage.

In the ten rounds that the bout lasted, Keyes was so far outclassed that he did not even have the better of a single round. Moore's cleverness was too much for Keyes and the way in which the little Philadelphian landed on him with his collection of blows, without even being as much as dazed by Keyes's punches, was a great surprise to the large gathering of spectators.

After the great battle that Keyes put up against Knockout Brown it was expected that he would surely give Moore the stiffest kind of a fight. Bert, however, put up one of the poorest exhibitions he has given in this vicinity for a long time.

In his previous bouts here Keyes has always waded right in and kept swinging away with both hands for his opponents head or body. Keyes did not indulge in this sort of tactics against Moore. He was as slow as a truck left the ring unmarked.

Keyes fought back hard, but Moore used fine foot work and succeeded in getting inside of Bert's wild swings. At the first bell Keyes was tired and bruised and his left eye in mourning. As for Moore, he was practically as fresh as when the bout started and left the ring unmarked.

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Yale and Harvard Teams
In Annual Hockey Battle

Victory Over Blue May be Means of Landing Championship for Crimson.

COLLEGE HOCKEY LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	P.C.
Cornell	4	0	1.000
Harvard	3	1	.750
Yale	2	2	.500
Columbia	2	3	.400
Dartmouth	1	4	.200
Princeton	1	4	.200

Record of victories. The team is undoubtedly the best that represented Yale in recent years, but has encountered defeat in games where victory was almost assured.

Yale played a better game than Harvard against Cornell, the team which defeated them both, and is now leading in the championship fight, and it is upon the comparative showing in the battles with the team from Ithaca that the Yale men expect to defeat their Crimson rivals.

The Harvard seven has only lost one game this year and has not given up hope yet of winning the championship. Cornell plays Dartmouth in Boston tonight, and if the latter should win, Harvard should beat Yale, Cornell and Dartmouth would be tied for the lead, necessitating another game, which the latter would probably win.

The Harvard team is well equipped for a determined struggle against any of the stronger hockey organizations in the amateur league and has easily a better all-around aggregation of players than any seven that has won the Crimson championship since the team of 1907. They are fast skaters and accurate shots with the puck, and the defense, barring the stone-wall backs of the Crimson, is the strongest of any hockey organization in the vicinity.

The lineup tonight will be as follows:

	Position	Harvard
Yale	Goal	Pierre Brooks
Harvard	Point	Duncan Sweeney
Yale	Cover Point	Hornbaker
Harvard	Center	Beaumont Cox
Yale	Center	Huntington Howe
Harvard	Left Wing	Poster
Yale	Right Wing	Chadwick

UNHOLZ GETS CARELESS AND IS KNOCKED OUT.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Feb. 18.—It was a surprise to the crowd at the Milwaukee rink that the Milwaukee team was defeated by the University of Wisconsin team in the sixth round of a ten-round contest. Unholz had the advantage of every round except the first, which went to Redmond.

In the second round the Milwaukee boy was put to the floor for the count of nine but got up and lasted the round out. A stiff right to the pit of the stomach in the sixth round put Unholz out, after he became careless and dropped his guard.

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SPORTING Up To Date
News And Notes & GOSSIP.

EDWARD W. GARDNER OF MONTCLAIR, N. J., the national amateur billiard champion, defeated the German champion, Albert Poeschner in the final match—a play-off of a tie for a third prize—in the world's amateur championship billiard tournament at the Madison Square Club. The score was 400 to